Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.

Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
more then the wild-cat: drones hiue not with me,
therefore *I* part with him and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to waste
his borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
perhaps *I* will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino.*

Grat. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
with that keene appetite that he sits downe?
where is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbated fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

with